

THE WEEKLY ARIZONAN.

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THE WEEKLY ARIZONAN
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J. E. McCaffrey
PLATT & McCAFFREY.
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW
TUCSON, A. T.
January 2d 1869-11

LORD & WILLIAMS.
Having just brought on from New York
a large and
CHOICE STOCK OF MERCHANDISE,
offering the same very cheap for cash.
Look at our goods and prices.
Jan. 1, '69.

G. H. OURY,
Attorney and Counselor at Law
Office in Court house Building
TUCSON, A. T.
August 67

WHEAT'S SALOON.
The undersigned having leased the above Saloon,
is prepared to furnish his friends and
the public with a general assortment of Wines,
Whisky and Cigars.
AUGUSTUS BRIGHTA.
Jan 30, 1869.

PIONEER BUTCHER SHOP.
GEORGE F. FOSTER.
at the OLD STAND on Main Street,
TUCSON, A. T.
Is ready to supply all customers in
his line with as good beef and at as
low rates as can be done elsewhere
Jan. 1st 1869.

PIONEER BREWERY.
TUCSON, A. T.
LAGER BEER, ALE and PORTER
Constantly on hand.
A. LEVIN & J. GOLDTREE.
March 14, 1869-11-1f.

CAMP GRANT STORE!
The undersigned would respectfully announce
that they have just opened a new stock of goods
consisting of
DRI GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, &c.,
and are prepared to sell on the "live and let live"
principle.
Would also announce to those persons desirous
to settle upon the Lower San Pedro, that they are
superintendents of a large Asesque and will allow water
to be taken from it by actual settlers free of charge
ISRAEL & COX.
Camp Grant, A. T., Oct. 2d 1868.

**BLACKSMITH
AND
WAGON SHOP,**
PEARL ST. TUCSON, A. T.
Wagons are made and repaired at this establish-
ment and everything in the Blacksmith line done
with promptness and dispatch.
SWEENEY & ETCHER, Proprietors
Jan. 1st, '69

F. M. HODGES,
MAIN STREET
TUCSON, A. T.
KEEPS constantly on hand a large supply of
the best brand of Liquors and Cigars.
Jan. 1st, '69

LOVE ON A VELOCIPEDE.

She saw him EN VELOCIPEDE.
A kiting up the road,
And patty-pat and patty-pat,
Her little heartlet good.
And so she sobbed to herself,
"Though fast his paces be,
He cannot dust so quick but that
My heart keeps peace with he."
"O, VIVE LA BELLE VELOCIPEDE!
Which digs along the street;
But that which I do chiefly VIVE
Is he who does the feat."
"I cannot help a-loving him,
Nor he help loving me;
Velocipedestrianation is
A thing that has to be."

Was It a Dream?

[Written for the ARIZONAN, by QUIZ.]

The night had been, to me, long and restless;
I am sure I can't tell why; I had not gone to
bed early; in fact I had, after nine o'clock on
the eve of said night, taken a hearty lunch at
Levin's—then played a couple of games of bill-
iards—four or five of *Piquet* for the drinks—
had assisted three or four hard working fellows
like myself in euzzling from one to three dol-
lars, each, of their hard earned money in that
folly peculiar to the bar room—the "treat" sys-
tem and in return had been kindly helped by
them in depositing in the "Bar Keepers Bank"
a like amount. And here allow me to make a
moralizing digression and ask why we find this
system of "standing treat" in our drinking sa-
loon and no where else? if good there why is
it not good in other and all branches of busi-
ness? but do we ever see a gentleman enter
one of our dry goods stores, and stepping to the
counter, turn to half a dozen or more of his
acquaintances who may be present and ask
"what will you take?" though for sooth dirty
faces, torn shirts, rimless hats and soleless
shoes plainly indicate what they *should* take; I
confess I have not yet seen an instance of the
kind; and I very much fear, should such an
one occur, the would be donor would be very
likely to receive more kicks than thanks as no
doubt every one so questioned would feel him-
self grossly insulted. But watch the same gen-
tleman, half an hour afterwards, enter a bar
room where are seated the same company
whom he did not ask what they would take in
the dry goods line, and how different his con-
duct. He not only asks but should any one
through modesty or for other reason refuse he
urges till the friend consents. And the same
men who would have thought it an insult to
have been asked what they would take, in one
case, would think it equally an insult not to
be asked in the other. A little inconsistent it
seems to me.

But to return. Where? Oh, I remember—
my three or four friends and I had just taken
our tenth or twelfth drink. Well, I have a
faint recollection of going then to a saloon, or
of a saloon coming to me; for the life of me I
can't tell which—of eating two or three oyster
stews with the usual accompaniments of crack-
ers, pickles and so forth—of a queer crooked
road, running strangely on both sides of adobe
houses, and in the middle of which I luckily,
at last, stumbled upon, or rather into my own
door, but not however till I had sadly parted
with supper—stews and whisky—excepting
such portions of the latter article as had found
its way into my head and legs.

I repeat, I don't see why I should not have
slept soundly; and I hear some of my friends
after nearly the same experience almost every
day make the same remark. But the fact is
contrary in my case, to all rules of what had
ought to have been; for I did not sleep well if,
indeed, I slept at all, of which I am somewhat
doubtful; or rather I should be were it not for
a dream.

Now, to dream I hold that one must sleep.
but how often do we all have dreams, the inci-
dents of which are so vivid—so naturally and
distinctly connected—in a word, so undream-
like, that we are ever after in great doubt

whether the vision was really presented to our
physical or mental sight. Of such a nature
was the dream I am about to relate, if dream
it was:

I thought that after tossing for hours on my
bed I arose, and taking my hat, the only gar-
ment of which I had divested myself, I started
forth to cool my burning cheeks and brow in
the cool night air.

Note: I attribute the heat in my face to the
presence, as the doctors would say, of the pre-
vailing fever of the country, the victims of
which, may be known by an intense redness
of the face, particularly in the vicinity of the
tip of the nose. I notice that almost every-
body in town has it.

A blush of daylight was just visible in the
east as I reached and turned down a street
that seemed the same, and yet not the same,
through which I had, a few hours before,
wound my tortuous way among staggering
houses, in search of my own. Some street com-
missioner from fairy land seemed to have
straightened the crooked highway into its
wonted channel and to have returned the
reeling houses, now perfectly sober and steady,
to their usual sites. With my head cooled
by the morning air, and my nerves stilled by
the quiet hour, I wandered on, as one will in
a dream, from street to street; every now and
then stumbling against something soft and
yielding. For some time I took no notice of
these interruptions, but at length they became
so frequent, and there seemed such a similarity
in the objects in my way, that I was induced to
stop and examine a specimen, when "alas!
poor Yorick" I found, to my surprise, that it
was the body of a poor dog who had lunched
his last "bark." "Is it possible" thought I
"that all the objects I have been so uncer-
emoniously kicking along my path are the de-
funct bodies of man's best friend." Alas! too
true. Death had been busy—very busy, in
truth, he must have been, if he did it all alone
—but I don't believe he did; I think he got
somebody to help him,

"Oh, ye hard hearted men" thought I "who
find us our daily meat, can ye have a con-
science and still charge such enormous prices
for sausage."

"However" I found myself musing as I
passed along "perhaps I should not lay the
charge at their door, that suggested itself to me,
for I find that not only at their doors but for
rods from them on either side not a body it to
be seen." This was a fact that I found myself
wholly unable to account for, and I can't ac-
count for it yet; but then you see it is only in
dreams that such inconsistencies occur.

Hurrying on, as I thought, to find a spot
where dead dogs were less and fresh air more
plentiful, I came in sight of the door of a friend
"Well" thought I "—is quietly sleeping
—no night mare dream haunting his slumbers,
and"—no, he is not sleeping, for through the
partially open door I can see the outline of his
face and form and—heavens! I see the cor-
ner of a shawl fluttering through the door.
"Poor ——" thought I "must be very sick
and some kind female friend is watching by his
fevered couch."

A little farther on I hear a sad but not un-
musical chant, and approaching an open door,
I saw stretched on a low table, or bench, the
body of a little Mexican child; which, by its
long hair and feminine features was evidently
that of a little girl. By its side sat a woman
chanting in low and sad tones, a funeral dirge.

At its head and feet were the remains of
half a dozen candles, now flaring brightly up
and anon dwindling away and going out, just
as the life of the young sleeper had done in
the early morning.

"Happy infant I thought 'you have gone
stainless and pure from this to a better world.
How far better would it have been for a soul I
daily meet had your fate been theirs'."

Passing on, I came suddenly on a man
carrying on his shoulders a large box which,
as I passed gave out a strong odor of Sonora

cigars. I suppose he was looking for the cus-
tom house.

I thought by this time that Miss Aurora was
blushing rosy red—from fear, perhaps that
some one might see the sun rise from her bed
—so I turned my steps homeward, following in
the wake of a generous hearted "Boy in blue,"
under whose protecting arm was cuddled a
forlorn-looking cock, who had, no doubt, been
"left out in the cold" by its late cruel owner.
The kind hearted fellow was evidently taking
the poor thing home to breakfast, or was it a
reveler of the old adage of the early bird and
the worm? Quien sabe?

I was now passing the ARIZONAN office when
my curiosity prompted me to look through the
window where I saw the "devil" hard at work
in his shirt sleeves, and he had evidently been
there all night. This, then, might account for
all I had seen in my dream walk. The "devil"
(there is but one in our little town, is there?)
is, perhaps all day long going up and down our
streets, inciting the hearts of men and women
to evil, but at night he is snugly caged in the
ARIZONAN office, and then, said men and women
left to their own noble impulses go forth, on
deeds of charity and mercy intent.

As it was now broad daylight and the "devil"
was likely to escape from his cage at any mo-
ment, I thought I hurried homeward as fast as
possible to escape his baleful influence.

I reached my own door just as the sun's first
rays arrived there and I threw my clothes on
a chair and myself on the bed and fell into a
quiet slumber. Can one dream of going to
sleep?

I only know that I did so dream, or it was a
reality. I awoke when the sun was high up in
the heavens, and the first thought that struck
me on jumping out of bed was: "was it a
dream?"

General Items.

Fifteen members of the new Spanish cortes
were saloon keepers.

Paris makes 200,000 dozen toy drums every
year.

Longfellow has been sitting for his portrait
to Buchanan Read, in Rome.

Mrs. Yeverton read in Vicksburg to a "small
and select audience."

Boston has had a meeting to promote emi-
gration to Virginia.

Over 200 treasury clerks were discharged
on the 31st of March.

Confederate General Ripley has failed in
England with debts amounting to \$250,000.

Jenny Lind's daughter, aged twelve, prom-
ises to have a fine musical career.

Thomas C. Bawer, a nephew of Revedy
Johnson, and also of the governor of Maryland,
was killed by a fall in Kansas City recently.

Each steamer of the Prince of Wales fleet
on the Nile has in tow a kitchen boat, and that
tows a pantry boat.

Hon. Horatio Seymour is still at Keokuk,
Iowa, laid up by the injuries he recently re-
ceived by the railroad accident near Peoria,
Illinois.

B. Washburne will leave for Washington on
the 16th of April and thence for France on the
first of May.

In a quarrel about the possession of a small
dog two citizens of Memphis drew knives, and
one of them received six wounds without a
fatal result.

Fisk has sent for a cargo of cheap British
velocipedes with which he intends to monopo-
lize the market.

The Texas Republicans appear inclined to
meet the Democrats half way and have a State
Convention.

Mehmet Ali, by his wise foresight in plant-
ing twenty million trees in the upper province
of Egypt and near the delta, has increased the
rain fall in these districts ten fold.

Frank Pierce's cabinet was the only one in
the history of the United States that remained
unbroken from the beginning to the end.

Mr. and Mrs. Raiden, of Albany, Vermont
have lost ten children within four years. Seven
of the number died of diphtheria—six in one
week about three years ago.

Chicago, the most enterprising city in the
world, has now in contemplation the project of
turning the waters of the great lakes into the
Mississippi river by means of a mammoth canal.